# War of the Servers

Written by Robert Stoneman

*VOICE CAST:*

| | |
|---|---|
| ROBERT STONEMAN | - NARRATOR |
| | - RP PIRATE IRON HARRY |
| | - ADMIN 1/3 |
| | - ADMIN TOWER 2 |
| | - MINGEBAGS |
| | - CHARLIE ADMIN PILOT |
| | - ADMIN COMMANDERS |
| BEN STONEMAN | - ADMIN "BARNEY" |
| | - BACKGROUND VOICES |
| JORDAN BRINDLE | - GREENMAFIA LEADER |
| | - ADMIN AIR CONTROL |
| | - ADMIN WILLIAM |
| CHRIS DUGGAN | - HARRY ADMIN PILOT |
| | - NERD PLAYER |
| | - ADMIN TOWER 1 |
| RICHARD BOISVERT - | - ADMIN 2 |
| | - BACKGROUND VOICES |
| NICK BERTKE | - ADMIN HQ 4 |
| | - ADMIN CANNON 3 |
| | - BACKGROUND VOICES |
| DAVID ZIMMERMAN | - ADMIN 5 |
| | - ADMIN 6 |
| DRAKE TOLAN | - VARIOUS ADMINS |
| | - MINGEBAGS |

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**1.INT BLACK ----**

*No one would have believed, in the last updates of GMod, that our servers were being watched from players on other servers. No one could of dreamed that we were being scrutinized... as someone with a microscope studies creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water.*
*Few players even considered the possibility of so many bad players on these servers. And yet, across the gulf of the Internet, minds immeasurably thicker to ours regarded our servers with envious*

*eyes ,and  slowly and surely, they drew their contraptions against us.*

**Music Fades in**

**Title Sequence**

**FADE TO GM_CONSTUCT **

***(Building, all happy and peaceful)***

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# The Eve of the War

Garry's Mod, or G-Mod to it's community, is a Half-Life 2 modification setting the player free into a world of creation, imagination and fun. There are mainly two sides to the community – building and role playing.

Building consists of players creating imaginative contraptions and having fun with them with other players.

Role playing, on the other hand, is a totally immerse world where the player is accustomed to their own virtual life.

The G-mod community consists of three main groups - The Admins, who control and protect the server from harm.

The Mafia, who cause slight disruption to the game, and usually own pizza places in  servers – hitting on both Admins and players.

They usually owe the Mafia money.

**"Say good night!"**

**"Hey what the!"**

**"Take that you stupid bum!"**

and the citizens, some are attention seekers wanting to be noticed.

**"Hey guys I'm jumping, hey you! Is any one there!.. hello.. I'm going to jump, anyone oh YOU! I'm jumping!  no not yet, in a minute! Ok... my life RP has ended for me and I'm JUMPING! Look! Come here.. oh come here... IM GOING! ... oh sod it I'm jumping AGGG"**

but most are just normal players just wanting to have fun. Selecting their role in society and  carrying it out to the fullest of potential.

**“what a wise choice madam, that's 4 gold pieces for the milk.”**

**“hey Joe want a pizza?”**

But then, their are those who are not spoken about by any player, who are in a class of their own. Those who cause...War...of the servers.

It started around 6pm, on the 21th of January when a huge mass of players erupted from the G-mod 9.0.4 server and sped towards our servers

**Random Player: Hey what's all the lag about (BG)**

As I watched the server lists, there was another lag spike. It was another player, starting on its way.

And that's how it was for the next 6 hours. Laggy players, spurting out from these
G-mod 9.0.4 servers. Morph, the server Admin assured me we were in no danger. He was convinced there could be no danger to us from that remote, forbidding G-mod 9.0.4 server.

**Player: Hey There... wow that lag, did you feel it? that was crazy!**
**Steinmann: Heh, yeah I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about.**
**Player: The warriors that's my clan said that It’s happening everywhere!**
**Steinmann: ...**
**Player: Hey have you see them new guys! They're weird.**
**Steinmann: Yea, they arrived with the lag...**
**Player: Hey want to see my contraption it's so cool!**
**Steinmann: No thanks**
**Player: Awesome, come this way.**

The next day there was a huge mess of contraptions in the middle of the map, i remember seeing this in other server...A red container with a disk shaped model on top, bits of wood and metal covered the area.

***RP servers and Build servers showing the spawned first staged pods***

**“Who wants to buy a melon!, madam would you like a melon? no.. you've already got some. Nice! 2 for a gold piece get em while they're cheap!”**

**“Melons! Melons for sale, 3 for a gold piece better than other role-play servers”**

**“yeah the other day I was in the role-play server, pretty fun but nothing special”**

It seems totally incredible to me now that everyone spent that game as though it were just like any other. The Admins not caring or noticing the laggy contraption in the middle a of the map and from the corner of map came the sound of thrusters, welding and rumbling, softened almost into melody by the distance. It all seemed so safe and tranquil.

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# GM_Construct and the Remover Gun

The next game I walked outside my house...to find that it was actually fogg, I checked my GMod settings, and they were fine, The fog wasn't even turned on.
Quite confused, I ran down to investigate.

**Steinmann – Hey Admin, what's with the fog?**
**Admin – I didn't turn it on and I can’t turn it off,**

***Steinmann and the Admin walk over to the contraption***

I noticed that there was a large crowd, I joined them to see what was going on... They were around that large mess of contraptions, hypnotized by the noise inside.

**“Hey what's with the lag?”**

**“Dunno just comes and goes, I'm sure it's nothing to worry about”**

**“Do you feel that?”**

**“I've never seen anything like this before!”**

**“It's moving...”**

**“What a mess…**

***Bits of wood stars to fall off the contraption.***

***The door falls off***

***Mingebag fades into shot, camera from LS to MS***

A player faded out of the container It's non animated mouth lawled and giggled and arms in non-motion stood still.

A few players crept closer to the unknown player. But the motion less player faded back into the container.

A pole rose from the disk with some kind of contraption attached to it,

***Pole rises***

The sever began to lag and this mess of contraptions started to shake, players panicked … and started to move back, this mess now Turned into a huge tall, solid…machine,

***Shots of the tripod rising***

still not believing at what had just happened… right in front of my eyes.
and having no idea what it was...Or what i was going to do next.

I don't think anyone knew what they was going to do next…

But whatever that thing was…knew what it was going to do next.

***Every one runs as the mingepod removes players***

At last I reached my players house, and in the dim coolness of it I wrote an account for my blog, before I sank into a restless, haunted sleep.

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# The Admin

As I awoken, I noticed unknown player sounds of welding coming from the centre of the map.
The players now known as Mingebags continued welding and lawling, sleepless, indefatigable, at work on the machines they were making.
Now and again a friendly player would join the server, but the remover gun was ready to remove.

I put on the online radio to see if any other server had..

**“Recent reports show that large metal tripods are attacking, and crashing public servers...Both roleplay and general build servers.**
**We go live now to our server reporter Ed Winchester, who is in the DSRP server.**

**“Hi!... I'm Ed Winchester...”**

****radio distortion..crashing***

**“Sorry about that fokes, it seems we've lost connection to Ed, We will try and get him on air back as soon as...”**

****explosion on radio***

***“What was that?”***

***“Oh jesus christ!”***

***“No! don't touch my contraptions! OH GOD!”***

And that just answered my question...It was happening everwhere.

In the afternoon, a company of server admins passed through, They had cannons tied to jeeps, SMG's all ready for their attack

And that evening, there was a violent clash, And then I realized with horror, that my contraption was in reach of the remover gun.

****admin war, blacks, dark, flashes***

The welding from the map and the pounding of Admin cannons grew louder. My fear rose at the sound of someone creeping near my contraption. Then I saw it was a young Admin.

**Admin: *Anyone here?***
**Steinmann: Hello, Please do come in!**

**Admin:** ***Thank you.***
**Steinmann:** ***What happened?***
**Admin:** ***They wiped us out. Hundreds deleted, maybe thousands.***
**Steinmann:** ***That gun thing?***
**Admin:** ***The Mingebags. They were inside the containers of machines they'd made, massive metal things on wheels, Giant machines that moved. They attacked us. They wiped us out.***
**Steinmann: Hmm…**
**Admin:** ***Fighting machines, picking up rag dolls and bashing them against contraptions. Just hunks of metal, but they have no idea what they were doing.***
**Steinmann:** ***Hmm. There was another container that spawned last game.***
**Admin:** ***Yes. Yes, it looked bound for the PHW Server.***

The PHW Server! I hadn't dreamed there could be danger to members, so many pings away.

**Steinmann:** ***I must go to the PHW Sever at once.***
**Admin:** ***And me, got to report to the server Admin, if there's anything left of it.***

On our journey we went through different servers, some which I've never seen before, but like most of the ones we went into, they was empty and bare. These Mingebags were spawning machines and building them everywhere.

We arrived at one server, it had some abounded and destroyed Admin cannons.

**Admin: Poor chaps didn't stand a chance.**
**Steinmann: Why do you use these cylinder blocks?**
**Admin: Oh, they're LUA coded, if you fire them onto welds, it undoes them…**
**Steinmann: Hmm**
**Admin: But finding and hitting the welds is another story, come we need to get to Admin command.**

**1.INT WOTS_Airfield DAY**

# The Royal Admin Air Force

**Commander: Ah yes! Harry, Charlie... please take a seat.**
**Right, welcome! thanks for coming in and replying, to the email I sent you...**
**Also you both have the VMF i sent you right?**

**Both - Yep! sure did!**

**Commander - Good! right, I'll cut it short because we are running out of time...Every public GMod server, are being attacked by large metal tripods**

**Harry – err..what?**

**Commander: Every public GMod server, are being attacked by large metal tripods**

**Harry - Well who is operating them?**

**Commander – Well Mingebags...**

**Harry – Well just ban them?**

**Commander - We can't harry...it's not just one...like we used to get, They've joined together...and massed an army,**
**They've crashed hundreds, maybe thousands of Admins and players.**

**Harry – But surely we could....**

**Commander - Sorry Harry! I must get you in the air! and try and save one of our RP HQ servers.  Before it's too late,**
**Right - I sent two recon Admins out this morning - They've not returned as yet I got them to watch the Mingebags build on of them tripods or mingepods... whatever people are calling them nowadays...We don't know much about them,**
**But this is the drawing I got from the recon team.**
**As you can see, err the main body is made out of containers... the head top is a UFO model, and 4 wheels, 2 at the side and 2 at the back.**
**The main things you want to look out for is the weld points, marked in red.**
**the recon team watched them build one, and this is where they're welding them, So using the LUA blocks, hitting them at this point.... Between the body and the main hull.**
**It should knock the remover gun out. And getting us time to get our servers back.**
**Recon says you can't actually see inside the top, They might use a hatch or a mirrored block,  So you can't see in.**

**But please, don't shoot inside, be a waste of ammo and time. You will pass through 4 servers intill you get to the main RP server**

**Commander: The Admin codes, Ventrillo codes are all in the email i sent you.**
**Questions?**

**Harry - Any other weapons we should know of?**

**Commander - well, the only weapon we know of is the remover gun at the top. But it should not hit you because it aims down and not high, But be careful anyway! - this might not be the only weapon.**
**Charlie? any questions?**

**Charlie – Nope.**

**Commander - Excellent stuff!  - well good luck and there will be tea waiting for you when you're back!**
**I say! time for a nice cup of mint tea!**

**1.EXT WOTS_Airfield DAY**

# Admin Airfield

**Harry - I'll see you in the air Charlie!, Make sure you've got them Admin codes! Other wise you won't get into the server!**

**Charlie -  Don't you worry Harry! I've got them!,  And I'll speak with you on air control Ventrillo soon!**

**Admin Ground crew - She's all ready for you!**

**Harry -  Thanks ole bean!**

**Admin Ground crew - Good luck! and show them blighter's what we're made of!**

**Harry -  You bet! thanks again!**

**Harry - Are you there Charlie?**

**Charlie -  You bet I am Harry!**

**Harry – Splendid,  Control do you read? Over**

**Control -  Loud and clear, taxi way is clear! proceed to first runway.**

**Harry -  Right O!**

**Harry - All clear for take off control?**

**Control - Proceed, and good luck gents! may steam be with you!**

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# What's A Mingebag?

**Admin Rookie – HEY DUDE!**

**Admin - #8 - Shhhh, quiet!!**

**Admin Rookie – What are they?**

**Admin #8 – You’re new right?**

**Admin Rookie – Yeah, this is my new server...**

**Admin #8 - Well they’re what we call “mingebags” it’s a term for the G-mod equivalent of a Young New Player but they’re more than that, they’re usually aged between 6 and 15 oldest being 18**

**Admin #8 - They mature into full Minge baggery by age of 6 and spawn and pose characters of a sexual nature.**

**Admin #8 - By 13 they have lost all spelling skill and resort to using numbers instead of vowels.**
**Speech becomes shortened versions of words, which you might of heard from the tripods...**

**Admin #8 - By 18, 80% have grown out of the Mingebag stage...But not before fathering an entirely new generation of mingebags to take it's place.**

**Admin #8 - Their terror comes in stages...**

**Admin #8 - First they slip into servers unnoticed…**

**Admin #8 - They then remove pieces of constructions, destroying player's hard work or ruining games. Roffling as they explode in a glitchy horror that kills the server before the admin can act.**

*(Distort, like you've been through this before, bringing back bad memories)*
**Admin #8 - But worse is the chimneys… one after another…falling from the sky…the lag beings and the server crashes, players running, screaming in teamspeak or ventrilo… it's madness and then the server crashes…**

**Admin #8 - They are a cancer of G-mod…a cancer…with no chemo.**

**Admin Rookie: Glup…**

**Admin 8# - Your server is gone, no player will enter here… the mingebags will crash them as soon as they arrive.**

**Admin Rookie: I could close the server.. or.. or kick them?**

**Admin 8# - What's the point; they'll keep on coming.
for now we need to get out to a dedicated server, find a boat and push out into the water, the tripods can't get that far out.**

**Admin Rookie: What about your server? You're an admin**

*(You're sad, but you must keep a strong face)*
**Admin 8# - They crashed it along with good friends… come on lets get out before they notice us in the player tab.**

**1.EXT** **WOTS_BackOfRP**
**DAY**

# The RolePlay Servers

**Admin Radio - This is RP server 7 to RP server 8, do you read?**

**Admin 1 - We read, send message.**

**Admin Radio - Large metal tripods have hit the server! we have no cannon support or LUA weapons, We are taking heavy Admin crashes! RP server 1 and 6 have been crashed, your server is next, on the list! You have at least 1 hour before they arrive! we will try and keep them held up here!**

**Admin 1 - Damn it, we need them cannons to arrive! If they don't arrive in the next hour, order an evac of all MelonBrew RP servers.**

***background – bradley give me the bottle! (slapdash 1 and 2 take)**

**“Bradley!”**

**Admin 1 - You two! shut up!**

**Admin 2 - Sir! look down at the road!**

**Admin 4 - Sir! look down at the road!**

**Admin 3 - You took you bloody time, we don't have long**

**Admin 4 - Sorry, we got held up in RP server 7**

**Admin 3 - we made it out just before it crashed.**

**Admin 4 - Get these cannons to another RP server**

**Admin 3 - Roger, good luck**

**Admin 1 - about damn time!, you're incharge of defence, i have to go back to the HQ server.**

**Admin 2 - right you are lead Admin**

****runs off***

**Admin 4 - let's hope these unweld blocks do the job, if not this RP server won't last 5 minutes**

**Admin 2 - this bloody server is starting to lag, we need to set the cannons up fast.**

**Admin 4 - - where do you want these other cannons?**

**Admin 2 - set them up towards the road, then get you other Admins to other RP servers for help and backup, understand?**

**Admin 4 - Yes Lead Admin**

**Admin 2 – Well get to it!**

**Admin 4 - hey you 4, help me unload these cannons!**

**“move out!”**

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# The Fence Jump

**Ben - we're pretty well blocked in here...**

**Danny - yeah but... we could cut through there if you want?**

**Ben - no Danny, i've got a better idea.**

**Danny - what? through the gardens and over the fences?**

**Ben - what's the matter Danny? never taken a shortcut before?**

**Danny – No it's just that...**

****ben runs over the fences and gets removed...***

**Danny - just...that you never know what's out there...**

**1.EXT WOTS_BackOfRP DAY**

# The Second Contact

***Planes fly over***

We arrived at Bartons Role play server, we came apon a large destroyed wooden house which had been taken over by a group of Admins...

> **Admin(Ben): *Bows and arrows against the lightning.***
> **Steinmann: *Hmm.***
> **Admin(Ben): *They haven't seen the remover gun yet..***
> **come we need to warn them.**

We hurried along the map. Where we met another admin.

**Admin - move along please, find a safer server**

**Admin (Ben) - Admin you don't have a chance they will hit you. Please move along, we have to try.**

**Admin (Ben): *Look! There they are! What did I tell you!***

**Admin - good heavens!, get you selfs into the town! Go!**

**Steinmann - Admin! come on!**

**Admin – Prepare to fire!**

**Admin Shout - all guns! commence firing!**

***cannons fire***

**Admin 8 - This is easy, they're just standing there!, - i don't know what all the fuss is about**

**Admin Commander: that's it! fire, come on! aim for the weld points!, you know where they are! fire at them!, don't look at me, come on load it up! send that bloody tripod back to where it came from! come on! fire! that's it!**

***tripod falls and crashes***

**Admin #3: Rounds Complete!!**
**Admin #4: Rounds Complete!!**

**Admin #1: What the hell are they doing?**

**Admin Commander: James, leave the server and tell the other Role-play servers to get to  the Admin HQ, got that?**
**Admin #2: Yes.**
**Admin Commander: Damn this came to fast.**

***Tripods fire...***

***Various Admins Scream and Shout***

After they had finished with the Admins... the town was next.

***News flashes.***

Steinmann - Come on lets get out before it crashes.

**1.EXT RP_CSCDesert DAY**

# The Admin HQ

**Harry - Admin RAF, logging into GMod Central RP, Requesting server air pass, over?**

**George - Welcome pilot, name?**

**Harry - Harry Duggan, Admin RAF**

**George - Harry? is that you ole bean!? it's me George! we played LUA cricket together, many games ago!**

**Harry - George! good heavens man!**

**George - ell well, long time no hear my friend!**

**Harry - here here! well let's get Mingebags and then we can talk about the good old times!**

**George -  Roger that Harry!**

**Harry -  Spendid! so what's the situation George?**

**George - well all ground admins are missing or timed out, the Mingebags use this remover gun on the top of their machines. If you can disable that, then we can ban these chaps!**

**Harry - Roger that, how many are there?**

**George - it's hard to say, 4 maybe 5?**

**Harry - 4 you say! well i'll see what I can do!**

**George - Roger that Harry! Bye**

**Harry - you to george! i'll see you soon! out. Right, sounds like we are near our targets Chairlie. Take care, and prepare your LUA blocks.**

***Tripods removing players,***

***Admin planes fly over***

**“Admin planes! Yeah!”**

***plane is shot down**

**Harry - - Bloody hell! Charlie! do you read me over? Charlie!**

**Harry - Admin HQ, do you read me over?**

**George - Send message.**

**Harry - It's Charlie!, he's been shot down! timed out, over.**

**George -shot down...what with? over**

**Harry - Well... it was a melon, as soon as it hit the poor chap it exploded**

**George - Jesus christ!, Ok Harry, get rid of them with your LUA blocks**
**and then get the hell out of there! This server doesn't have long!**

**Harry - Roger that! tally ho!**

**Harry - Bombs away!**

**Harry - direct hit!!**

**Harry - Control! i've taken down one of the pods! i must of directly hit the weld point!**

***Harry is shot down, and crash lands***

**Harry - That's not good...**

**Harry - Admin HQ - Are you there.... hello?**

**Harry - Blast this ping!, Hello? HQ?**

**Harry – Hello?**

**George – Harry? Is that you?**

**Harry - Yes I'm here George!**

**George – Thank god!,**

**Harry - the bloody bastards have shot me down! I've crash landed!**

**George – Shot down? Where are you?**

**Harry - Not sure - some Role Play village...it's all desert. I can't see much from the fog.**

**George - Harry you don't have long, can you drive the air boat here?**

**Harry- No, I'm very low on health - driving this in fog is too dangerous I've never been here before and the fog is too dense.**

**George - Blast, Ok Harry, you stay on there, we will get someone out to you!**

**Harry- Roger,... and George... i don't think I'm alone, i can hear whispers and weird sounds.**

**George - Well keep your eyes open, you're the only Admin out there.**

**Harry- Right-O**

**Harry Radio - what is all this! you chaps are in for it!**

**George - Pardon? did you say something Harry!**

**George - Harry come in**

**George - Harry? are you there.**

**George - William, get the screen up, erm... 015**

**William - Ok, two seconds.**

**William - Christ! there's loads of them! were did they all come from?**

**George – Jesus...Christ...**

**William - we've... we've lost all connection to him George...He is offline on steam friends too...He...he's gone. Poor Harry. Lost connection to the RT cam.**

**George – What's the bloody point!, I'm done with this! I'm going...**

**William - But we can still defeat them!**

**George – We can't win William!, every time we try they remove! Come on, this server doesn't have a chance! you know that**

**William - But this is our game server George!**

**George – good bye William... and good luck.**

**William -But this is our game server George!**

**George – Look what they've done to poor harry!**

**William - But this is our game server George!**

**George – We don't have a chance William! what's the point of staying!**

**William - Please George...**

**George – Theres nothing left for us!**

**William -George?**

**1.INT** **RP_CSCDesert** **DAY**

# Back To Steinmann

Other cannons fired, so we could pass safely, but the cannons did no harm, and the other tripods started to remove....
I then realised by a miracle, I had escaped, but as soon I turned to see my new Admin friend… he had gone.

**British Admin - Is there anyone else?**

**Canadian Admin – Nope just us**

**Brit Admin - Bloody hell.. Ok well move on down, I'll be right behind you...- And keep your torches off..- is he with you?**

**Canadian Admin – Yes he is**

**British Admin - Right, well you look after him, keep your torches off as i said, I'll go first. You two stay behind me Ok?**

**Canadian Admin - Ok**

**British Admin - Oh.. damn, they're here aren't they!, Al right guys, you go on ahead and I'll stay behind.**

**Canadian Admin – You sure?**

**British Admin - Yeah, done this many times in RP, I'm sure it's the same.**

**Canadian Admin - Ok met us back in 5 minutes**

**British Admin - like in the movies! know what i mean?**

***Mingebags attack the Admin***

**Steinmann – Woah, is he alright?**

**Canadian Admin - Yeah i'm sure Joe is really kicking their Mingebag asses...**

**British Admin – FOR GMOD!!**

**Canadian Admin - Come on he's fine, Ok this is it, let me enter the key.**

**Steinmann - Hey wait, what about the Admin outside? the HQ.**

**Canadian Admin - He won't be joining us, lets just get inside and talk to the HQ... come on.**

**“ALL ADMIN PERSONNELLE, PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE MAP FLOOR”**

**Canadian Admin – This way.**

**Canadian Admin - Once we are in the room, let me do all the talking ok?**

**Steinmann - Ok**

**Canadian Admin - Move out of the way! come on, move it!**

**1.INT RP_CSCDesert DAY**

# HQ Room

**Admin #1 – Damn it, they've timed out another one of our pilots!...**

**Admin #1 – Who is this?**

**Canadian Admin – he came from MJ’s serious build server with another admin...**

**Admin #1 – Where is the admin?**

**Canadian Admin – He didn’t make it, He was one of the first people to arrive here... the other servers, well the admins from there have not arrived yet...so I can only fear the worst.**
**Admin #1 – Hmm...Well we don’t have long, they will soon crash this server, so lets update every one while we are here...**

**Admin #3 – Well...looking at this map...it’s got nothing to do with anything we need...maybe the red circle could be the place where we are...or perhaps an gathering area or just... No.**

**Admin #1 – Right...why can’t we just ban or kick them?**

**Admin #2 – They crash our admins, they are to fast no one predicted this,**

**Admin #1 – Well, what about weapons?**

**Admin #5 – Well we've tried cannons, smg's even rpg's nothing can pull these things down…**

**Admin #1 – what about phys guns?**

**Admin #5 – As soon as we try, they remove…and even if we did, they always seem to attack in groups…they will just pick each other up… a waste of admins and time.**

**Admin #1 – Christ sake, well…ok how did this mess start!, source?**

**Admin #4 - Yes, i have some photos that we're taken, just before the lag spike that ripped through the servers…They're on this screen over here… ok if you look just in the far distance…it might look like a pile of rubbish, but this is the first stage of the tripods, or mingepods…some players are calling them…They've been spotted in alot of the servers, which inturn lose connection soon after.**
**Here is another picture; this is the melon brew server, an RP server… Look in the window…**

**Steinmann – Woah, how that get in there?**

**Admin #4 – Pfft…we don't know…. Heres another server…**

**Admin#4 – look just behind the wood…**

**Steinmann – That's an admin tower right?**

**Admin #4 – Yes, that's correct…well it WAS an admin tower,**

**Admin #5 - We have an eyewitness from the server, he saw the machine hit it….**

**Admin #4 - Bring him in please…**

**Admin #5 - He plays a lot of pirate RP… so the talk is yeah..**

***ENTER PIRATE***

**Admin #5 – Tell us what happened.**

**Pirate – It was a fine day…just like any other…. I was cleaning me boat…when it turned foggy…**
**Steinmann – Ahh the fog…**
**Pirate – Arr the fog…**
*--- fade to scenes ---*
**I won't be knowing what them admins be talking about.. But I'm pretty sure they was planning a sea war against me…**
**Tower Admin #1 – Know how long it took me to build this…**
**Tower Admin #2 – nope**
**Tower admin #1 – A long time…longer than anything you say**
**Tower admin #2– k**
**Tower admin #1 – oh yeah…**
**Tower admin #2 – pretty foggy…you turn fog on?**
**Tower admin #1 – no… weird…**

**Pirate – I heard something…which me old ears ave never heard before**
***Men turn around***
**Tower admin 1 # - mother of god**
**Pirate – I looked to the sky…and what looked to me to be a giant sea octopus**

**TURN AROUND.. SPAWN BARREL*

**Tower admin 1 – oh fuc…..**
**BOOOOOOOM**
**Pirate - … I then saw the tower fall… and then one by one….the players vanished…**
**Steinmann – how did you escape?**
**Pirate – Ahh well. I sailed to the south…with nothing but a bottle of rum and an orange… for 30 days..**
**Admin #5 – no you didn't…you ran with us out the server…**
**Pirate– arr…damn yee that would have been a fine story for the lads.**
**Steinmann – what server was it?**
**Pirate – I'm not sure….**
**Admin #5 - It's…the PHWBuild server…**
**Pirate - That'll be the one!**
**Steinmann - The PHW server!!**
**Admin #5 - Yes… that's right**
**Pirate - - Now wheres my rum and gold! we had a deal!**
**Admin #5 - Yep… it's all here…**
**Pirate - Arr! the plunder be mine for the taking as we agreed?**
**Admin #5 - Yep… it's all yours…, Right let's return to the table.**

As they talked more of the Pirate and how these Mingebags, managed to take over the servers.. I couldn't stop thinking about

the PHW server...If i left, my player would be removed and I would crash, I couldn't take that chance, this Admin server was the best chance I had of survival... And as usual...that would change...

**Admin 9 - Oh christ!...Dave you should come and see this Dave – Good...god!**
**Admin 9 - Ok...go tell Admin command!, get everyone and get the hell out of here! Go! God, this came to fast!**

**Admin 3 - This has happened before, we've banned and kicked Mingebags in earlier days of GMod...Why is this any different...**
**Admin 4 -But this time it's bigger! They've... grown up as it were, No one ever expected this... tripods with remover guns? bringing down server after server , crashing player's after player...This is not single attack...this is a major attack on every GMod server**

***Dave running***

**Admin4 - This time there is nothing we can do to stop them... if they crash us, we won't be coming back in any GMod server...The Mingebags have massed...bringing us The War Of The Servers...**

***BIG FAT EXPLOSION!***

***Distant Explosions***

***Dave runs in***

**Dave - They...They..err...The Mingebags... Have found the LUA nukes...**

*Admins turn to lead Admin, in which he turns too.*

**Lead Admin - Oh right me! yes of course! Right, we have to evacuate, but before we do! you must disconnect outside If you disconnect here... you will die... er.. i mean crash! you'll crash...Theres the red light, oh god go!**

***outside***

**“Get out of here! it's gonna to blow!!!”**

**1.EXT GM_Hugeflatmap DAY**

# ThunderChild

After luckly surviving the HQ server crash, I headed towards the PHW server...to see if i could find any of my friends...

For three servers I fought my way along roads packed with refugees, the contrapionless, serverless players. All that was of value to me was my good friend Michael and the members. By the time I reached the server, Michael and the members were gone.

Being, fed up of these Invaders crashing our player's and servers, wanted to show them what it was like to be messed around with, So i paid them a little visit...

***Steinmann vs the mingebags***
I arrived at the Bognor Regis server, I was pulled along with other players who where trying to escape… Role players rubbing shoulders with builders and outcasts, and here and there were wounded admins, as helpless as the rest.

I arrived at a dedicated server; where I saw the already busy dock, a crowd of players had gathered and 2 admins had stopped players getting on the already packed fishing boat. Never had I seen so many players stopped in one place, I looked enviously at those safely on board... and straight into my good friend Michael, who for some reason…had the player model of a female…. At the sight of me he began to fight his way along the packed deck. I caught a last glimpse of my good friend…

The small boat began to move slowly away, and then on the horizon appeared a fighting machine. Another came, and another, they moved fast, people heard the load calls, and the only thing we could do was…run. I jumped in the water and under the broken dock, and watched helplessly as one by one the remover gun slathered the defenceless players… there was noting I could do to help them… 2 other tripods plunged into the sea, But the admin boat Thunder was standing by.

SONG

> Moving swiftly through the waters,
> Cannons blazing as she came,
> Brought a mighty metal warlord
> Crashing down in sheets of flame,
> Sensing victory was nearing,
> Thinking fortune must have smiled,
> People started cheering,
> "Come on Thunderchild! Come on Thunderchild!"

The Mingebags released their howls, but the ship sped on and started to fire at the tripod, instantly the others turned their remover guns, the fog caved in…and melted the Thunderchild's valiant heart.…

SONG

Lashing ropes and smashing timbers,
Flashing heat rays pierced the deck,
Dashing hopes for our deliverance,
As we watched the sinking wreck,
With the smoke of battle clearing,
Over graves and waves defiled,
Slowly disappearing, farewell Thunderchild!
Slowly disappearing, farewell Thunderchild!
Farewell Thunderchild!
Farewell Thunderchild, child, child, child, child...

The little boat had reached the misty horizon, and Michael and the other players were now safe. But the Thunderchild had vanished forever, taking with her players last hope of victory. Tripod after Tripod spawned.…and no one and nothing was left now to fight them. The servers belonged to the mingebags.…

LOOO

I ran to the window… a fighting machine came across the field.

I watched the machine stop, a player was thrown out of the top, and then for the first time I saw 2 mingebags come out of the container… both lol'd, one picked up the players and tossed him about.
They was like children playing…. they were children…

I had to get out of the server! But if I did they would remove me… I panicked and I knocked a table over, smashing a bottle.

I heard the Mingebags fumbling at the door.

The door opened…I heard whispers,

in time they left the house, inside now ruined, I stayed and covered my self as best I could

I went to the window and peered through. The Mingebags, and all their machinery, had gone! Trembling, I ran out out of the house: not a Mingebag in sight! The day seemed dazzling bright after my imprisonment and the sky a snowy white.

Again, I was on my way through roleplay towns and villages that were blackened ruins, totally silent, desolated, and deserted. Gmod's empire had passed away, taken swiftly and without error by these creatures. They never tired, never slept, and never suffered…

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# The Green Mafia

**Admin: who are you**
**Mafia: we're the green Mafia, you Joe?**
**Admin: no? who's Joe**
**Mafia: don't mess with me**
**Admin: excuse me?**
**Mafia: you know who am?**
**Admin: no sorry**
**Mafia: I'm Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno i own the fratelly pizza place in the RP server about 3 servers up for yours!**
**Admin: Right, well this is not an rp server.**
**Mafia: You talking me!? are ya Joe!?**

**Admin: look for the last time I'm not Joe!, please kindly leave, we have enough problems with Mingebags and their large player crashing tripods!**
**Mafia: Look Joe, you owe us 15,000 gold pieces for that pizza ya bought and didn't pay for... you disconnected with out paying ya losy smuck!**
**Admin: I'm not Joe! this is not an rp server, and I've never met you before!**
**Mafia: so Joe, you don't wanna pay eh? well lets see what s happens when people don't pay the weasel! get him boys.**

I got an email from MJ's builders server Admin...saying the the Mingebags had been gone for an hour or 2 from the server, I dreaded going back, because I knew that my contraption would either be destroyed... or completely gone... I guess there was only one way to find out...

luckly the server didn't crash, like the others. I could rebuild, but the Mingebags were not gone Right now other server are crashing, and player's being removed. All I could do was...

***bang tbh***

I thought they said they'd had gone?

**Admin - Steinmann! get down!**

**Steinmann - Jesus christ! they have guns now?**

**Admin - They'are not mingebags, they're other player's!**

**Steinmann - What are they shooting at us for?**

**Admin - They call them selfs the Green Mafia!, They're from an RP server**

**Steinmann - - What the? they just randomly started shooting?**

**Admin - Well...they asked us where Joe was...- then he asked us for money he owes us, and I said we don't know a joe and this isn't an RP Server...and then they shot poor Spaztique in the leg! now they won't stop and the set up a defence now they won't stop and the set up a defence line over there.**

**Steinmann - Christ...Mingebags...now this? can it get any worse?**

**“to the right!”**

**Admin - Steinmann, get out of here... this is going to get worse, Run...Go!**

**Admin - Oh!...shit!...that was close.**

**Admin radio - MJ's build server to Admin command server 4**

**Admin radio 2 - we read, send message.**

**Admin radio - we need heavy cannon artillery on our server, left of spawn, edge of buildings, password code slapdash**

**Admin radio 2 - roger that, prepare for rounds.**

**Admin radio – Roger...out.**

**Admin radio 2 - you two! prepare to fire, i've steam pm'd you the coordinates! Go!**

**Admin radio 2 - all guns!....FIRE**

**Admin - Hey pink mafia!! TAKE THIS!**

***admins bomb the mafia***

**Admin 4 - Right admins, lets move move!, let's get these mafia bastards! go go!**

**Admin 3 - Move and you're banned!**

**Mafia Leader - Ok! ok... we give up!**

**Admin 4 - You're coming with us...**

**Mafia Leader - Hey, get your dirty hands off me...**

**Admin 4 -would you shut up!**

**Mafia Leader - Oh yeah, you're a real tuff guy..., Who do you think you are touching me like that? do you know who I am?**

**Admin 4 - Fine!**

***admin 4 shoots dead the mafia leader**

**Admin 4 – Admin ban the rest of them...**

**Admin 2 – Yes lead admin.**

***shots**

**1.EXT GM_Construct**
**DAY**

# Brave New Servers

I arrived at a Strider Paul’s server; the familiar site of destruction and lost contraptions filled the server. In the fog I saw an outline of a wooden made house and headed towards it.

**Admin (Ben): Halt! Who goes there?**
**Steinmann: Er, a friend...**
**Admin (Ben): Be on your way, this is my server!**
**Steinmann: Your server? What do you mean?**
**Admin (Ben): Wait a minute... it's you! The man from builder’s server!**
**Steinmann: Good heavens, the admin. I thought you'd got removed!**
**Admin (Ben): same!**
**Steinmann: Have you seen any Mingebags?**
**Admin (Ben): Everywhere. We're done for all right!**
**Steinmann: We can't just give up.**

**Admin (Ben): `Course we can't. It's now that we've got to start fighting. Not against them, cause we can't win. Now, we've got to fight for survival. I reckon we can make it.**

An RP Player walks in.

**RP Player: I HAVE A PLAN!**

**“DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNNN..... DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNNN**
**DUN DUN DUNNNNNNNNNN....”**

*Tune kicks in*

**Admin – Oh no not again..**
**RP Player: Look, they clap eyes on us and we're dead, right? So we gotta make a new life where they'll never find us. You know where?**

**Underground.**

****The Admin throws a table at the the RP Player***

**Admin #1: Stop that! You can't build underground..it's a map you idiot.. whispers – god i hate rp players - whispers**

**Admin (Ben): Thank you...erm. Yeah what was I saying?**
**Steinmann: Survival.**
**Admin (Ben): Oh yeah!, well we need to fight for survival.**
**Steinmann: Right...**

**Admin (Ben): It's doing the working and the thinking that wears a fellow out. I'm ready for a bit of a rest. How about a drink, eh? Nothing but champagne now I'm the boss.**

We drank, and the Roleplay player talked more of his plan, but everyone ignored him. Then my admin friend he insisted upon playing. With our servers on the edge of extermination, with no prospect but a horrible end, we actually played games.

***Scenes of games***

I kept thinking of flames flashing in the deep blue night and tripod figures moving distantly. I put down my bowling ball. I felt a traitor to my kind, and I knew I must leave this strange dreamer.
***WOOOSH***

(NIGHT SCENE – AMBIENCE OF TRIPOD MOVING)

**1.EXT WOTS_PHWRP DAY**

# The Last Server

(Play Dead Servers)

Sunday, 5.00pm I joined the PHW Role Play server,. All was still, shops closed  looters had helped themselves to the contents of the shop window… houses lost and empty… a destroyed useless role-play server, players too worried to come back…

**Mingebag: *LOOOOL***

I stopped, searching for the sound. The fog was limited; all I could see was glowing houses, and bare streets,

**Mingebag: *LOOOOL***

The desolating cry worked upon my mind. Why was I wandering alone in this server of the dead? Why was my player alive when the server was lying in state in its black shroud? I felt intolerably lonely, drifting from street to Empty Street,

**Mingebag: *LOOOOL***

I saw the fighting machine from which the howling came. I was right in it's view, but the machine operator most of been AFK… I crossed into the next street. There stood a second machine, upright, but as still as the first.

**Mingebag: *LOOOOL***

Abruptly, the sound ceased. Suddenly the desolation, the solitude, became unendurable. While that voice sounded PHWRP still seemed alive. Now suddenly there was a change, the passing of something, and all that remained was this gaunt quiet.

I ran out of the house, turned and saw a third machine. It was erect and motionless, like the others. An insane resolve possessed me: I would give my player to the mingebag, here and now.

I began to run up the road. I felt no fear, only a wild, trembling exultation as I ran  towards this motionless monster.

as I ran I heard things falling… I stopped and turned, a fighting machine… fell…then another!, the mingebags left the server 1 by one slain after all admins contraptions had failed by the obvious thing in the server:. Time… Directly when the invaders arrived time consumed them, as tomorrow was Monday… for them…it was school. From that moment on Friday evening…they were doomed.

And nothing could hurt me now….

**Wheel rolls off**

The torment was ended. The people scattered over the servers, desperate, leaderless, starved, the thousands who had fled by sea including one of my good friends; all would return, the pulse of

gmod growing stronger and stronger would beat again.
As server life returns to normal, the question of another attack from them causes universal concern. Are our server’s safe, or is this time of peace merely a reprieve? It may be that across the immensity of the Internet, they have learned their lessons, and even now await their opportunity. Perhaps the future belongs not to us, but to the Mingebags….

**1.EXT** **Various Maps (GMod10)**
**DAY**

# 4 Months Later

With the  release of gmod10 Admins and players are safer than ever, with new admin commands and better control to ban or kick an attacker before they can even act.

But GMod9 and it's servers still exist, players who can't afford to move out have to stay.

But Dedicated exploration teams go back to gmod9 to explore what was once a flourishing place of activity and fun...

**1.INT** **RP_CSCDesertv2**
**DAY**

# The Epilogue

**PHWControl - Looking good, going good, we're getting a connection here at PHW Exploration control On GMod 10.**

**Pasadena - Roger, we hear…We’ve arrived on the old Gmod 9.0.4 server, just above the surface of the map floor.**

**PHWControl - just above the surface of the map floor.**

**Pasadena - well just fog, nothing much, we've been here for around, 4 maybe 5 hours, no sightings or players have arrived or left**

**PHWControl - ok log 34...**

**Pasadena - Roger, we are ready for exploration of this server... we will get the landing pods ready asap.**

**Pasadena - closing main ventrillo, swiching to exploration. Out. ok hatch is coming open...it's open...**

**PHWControl - Verified**

**Pasadena - unwelding pods...unwelding pods...**

**Pasadena - ok we've landed...the time is 02:47 on the 15th of May. i'm looking at a very foggy area, i can't really see much infront of me...Right,...We're moving on...Hows connection?**

**PHWControl - Connection is green.**

**Pasadena – Roger,Woah...control the fog is clearing**

**PHWControl – Roger, logging that.**

**Pasadena: We're looking at a remarkable landscape, littered with different kinds of objects. Melons, broken contraptions...**

**Burmuda: Hey, wait, I- I'm getting a no-go signal. Now I'm lagging. Hey**

**Pasadena - Yeah as burmuda said, the fog is getting heavier... really weird**

**Pasadena - Jesus christ...What is that? This place is weird. woah, did you feel that lag just then?**
**Burmuda: Yeah,. There's a lot of fog and objects here could be that...**
**Pasadena: I've lost connection, Control...control do you read? I think control has lagged. We got problems.**
**Burmuda: Full contact lost, PHW Control come in. Maybe the...**

***Tripod starts to rise from the water behind them.***

**Burmuda: Oh my god...**

**PHW Control: What's the! Connections gone? Burmuda? ...Come in, Burmuda! ..., come in! What's going on... Exploration 43 Pasadena, come in Pasadena!!... Come in! Do hear me!!? Come in.....!**

***track into screen***

**HORN**

**1.EXT GM_Construct DAY**

# I've Just Got Back to Find...

**Admin 1 – What the bloody hell has happened to my sever?**

**Admin 2 – I belive it was the mingebags...**

***turns**

**Admin 1 – Dear God!**

**End.**

**Credits.**